THE WONDERS OF THE PEAK:

By *CHARLES COTTON*, Esq;

Barbara Pyramidum ſileat miracula Memphis.
Mart. Epig.

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THE WONDERS OF THE *PEAK.*

The INTRODUCTION.

FIRST I expoſtulate with providence,
And I then ſhould ask wherein the innocence
Of my poor undeſigning infancy,
Could Heaven offend to ſuch a black degree
As for th'offence to damn me to a place
Where nature only ſuffers in diſgrace.
A Country ſo deform'd, the traveller
Would ſwear thoſe parts nature's *pudenda* were:

Like warts and wens, hills on the one *ſide ſwell,
To all but natives inacceſſible;
†Th'other a blue ſcrophulous ſcum defiles,
Flowing from th' earth's impoſthumated boyles;
That ſeem the ſteps (mountains on mountains thrown)
By which the Giants ſtorm'd the Thunderer's throne;
This from that proſpect ſeems the ſulph'rous flood,
Where ſinful *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* ſtood.
'Twixt theſe Twin-Provinces of *Britain*'s ſhame,
The ſilver *Dove* (how pleaſant is that name)
Runs thro' a vale high creſted cliffs o're ſhade;
(By her fair progreſs only pleaſant made:)
But with ſo ſwift a torrent in her courſe,
As ſhews the nymph flies from her native ſource,
To ſeek what there's deny'd, the ſun's warm beams,
And to embace *Trent*'s prouder ſwelling ſtreams.
In this ſo craggy, ill-contriv'd a nook
Of this our little world, this pretty brook,
Alas! is all the recompence I ſhare,
For all th' intemperancies of the air,
Perpetual winter, endleſs ſolitude,
Or the ſociety of men ſo rude,
That it is ten times worſe. Thy murmurs (‡*Dove*)
Or humour lovers; or men fall in love
With thy bright beauties, and thy fair blue eyes,
Wound like a *Parthian*, whilſt the ſhooter flies.

Of

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*The Peak. †The Moor Lands.
‡The river *Dove*.

Of all fair *Thetis* daughters none ſo bright,
So pleaſant none to taſte, none to the ſight,
None yeilds the gentle angler ſuch delight.
To which the bounty of her ſtream is ſuch,
As only with a ſwift and tranſient touch,
T' enrich her ſteril borders as ſhe glides,
And force ſweet flowers from their marble ſides.

North-Eaſt from this fair river's head there lies,
A †Country that abounds with rarities,
They call them wonders there, and be they ſo;
But the whole Country ſure's a wonder too,
And Mother of the reſt, which ſeven are,
And one of them ſo ſingularly rare,
As does indeed amount to miracle,
And all the Kingdom boaſts ſo far excel,
It ought not, I confeſs to be prophan'd
By my poor *Muſe*; nor ſhou'd an artleſs hand
Preſume to take a crayon up to trace,
But the faint land-skip of ſo brave a place.
Yet, Noble **Chatſworth*, for I ſpeak of thee,
Pardon the love which prompts the injury
My pen muſt do thee, when, before I end,
I fix diſhonour, where I wou'd commend.

The

†The Peak.
*The Duke of Devonſhire's houſe.

The firſt WONDER Poole's Hole.

THE firſt of theſe I meet with in my way,
Is a vaſt *Cave*, which the old people ſay,
One *Poole* an Out-law made his reſidence;
But why he did ſo, or for what offence,
The beagles of the law ſhou'd preſs ſo near,
In ſpight of horrors-ſelf, to earth him there;
Is in our times a riddle, and in this
Tradition moſt unkindly ſilent is:
But whatſoe're his crime, than ſuch a cave,
A worſe impriſonment he cou'd not have.

At a high mountain's foot, whoſe lofty creſt
O're-looks the marſhy proſpect of the Weſt;
Under it's baſe there is an overture
Which ſummer-weeds do render ſo obſcure,
The careleſs traveller may paſs, and ne're
Diſcover, or ſuſpect an entry there:
But ſuch a one there is, as we might well
Think it the *Crypto-porticus* of Hell.
Had we not been inſtructed, that the gate,
Which to deſtruction leads is nothing ſtraight.

Thro' a blind door (which ſome poor woman there
Still keeps the key of, that it may keep her)

Men

Men bowing low, take leave of day's fair light,
To crowd themſelves into the womb of night,
Thro' ſuch a low and narrow paſs, that it
For badgers, wolves, and foxes ſeems more fit;
Or for the yet leſs ſorts of chaſes, than
T'admit the ſtatures and the bulks of men,
Could it to reaſon any way appear,
That men could find out any buſineſs there.
But having fifteen paces crept, or more,
Thro' pointed ſtones and dirt, upon all four,
The gloomy grotto lets men upright riſe,
Altho' they were ſix times *Goliah's* ſize.
There, looking upward, your aſtoniſh'd ſight
Beholds the glory of the ſparkling light.
Th' enamel'd roof darts round about the place,
With ſo ſubduing, but ingrateful rays,
As to put out the lights, by which alone
They receive luſtre, that before had none,
And muſt to darkneſs be reſign'd when they are gone.
But here a roring torrent bids you ſtand,
Forcing you climb a rock on the right hand,
Which hanging pent-houſe like, does overlook
The dreadful channel of the rapid brook;
So deep, and black, the very thought does make
My brains turn giddy, and my eye-balls ake.
Over this dangerous precipice you crawl,
Loſt if you ſlip, for if you ſlip you fall;

But

But whither, 'faith 'tis no great matter, when
Y'are ſure ne'er to be ſeen alive again.
Propt round with peaſants, on you trembling go,
Whilſt every ſtep you take, your guides do ſhow
In the uneven rock, the uncouth ſhapes
Of men, of lions, horſes, dogs and apes.
But ſo reſembling each the fancied ſhape,
The man might be the horſe, the dog the ape.
And ſtraight juſt in your way a *Stone appears,
Which the reſemblance of a hay-cock bears,
Some four foot high, and beyond that a leſs
Of the ſame figure, which do ſtill increaſe
In height, and bulk, by a continual drop,
Which upon each diſtilling from the top,
And falling ſtill exactly on the crown,
There break themſelves to miſts, which trickling down
Cruſt into ſtone, and (but with leiſure) ſwell
The ſides, and ſtill advance the miracle.
So that in time, they would be tall enough,
If there were need, to prop the hanging roof,
Did not ſometimes the curious viſiters,
To ſteal a treaſure is not juſtly theirs,
Break off much more at one injurious blow,
Than can again in many ages grow.
Theſe the wiſe natives call the *Fonts*; but there
Deſcending from the roof there does appear,

*The Fonts.

A bright tranſparent ‡cloud, which from above,
By thoſe falſe lights, does downwards ſeem to move,
Like a machine, which, when ſome GOD appears,
We ſee deſcend upon our Theaters.
Unlike in figure, and in poſture this
With the two nam'd before, owes its increaſe
To the ſame cauſe the others grow up by,
Namely, the petrifying quality
Of thoſe bright drops, which trickling one by one,
Deliberately cruſt, as they glide, to ſtone;
By which the Stiria longer, bigger grows,
And muſt touch ground at laſt; but when, who knows?
To ſee theſe thriving by theſe various ways,
It ſeems methinks, as if the firſt did raiſe
Their heads the ponderous vault ſo to ſuſtain,
Whilſt th' other pendant pillar ſeems to ſtrain,
And, at full ſtretch, endeavour to extend
A ſtable foot to the ſame needleſs end.
And this forſooth the *Bacon-Flitch* they call,
Not that it does reſemble one at all;
For it is round, not flat; but I ſuppoſe
Becauſe it hangs i'th' roof like one of thoſe,
And ſhines like ſalt, *Peak Bacon-eaters* came
At firſt to call it by that greaſy name.
This once a fellow had another ſtone
Of the ſame colour, and proportion:

‡The Bacon Flitch.

But long ago, I know not how, the one
Fell down, or eaten was; for now 'tis gone.
The next thing you arrive at, is a *ſtone,
In truth a very rare, and pretty one;
Which on a rock's ſharp ridge taking it's root,
Riſes from thence in a neat round turn'd foot
Twelve inches high, or more, wherein are all
The mouldings of a round turn'd pedeſtal.
Whence bulbing out in figure of a ſphere,
Some two foot and a half diameter;
The whole above is finiſh'd in a ſmall
Pellucid ſpire, crown'd with a chriſtal ball.
This, very aptly, they *Pool's Lanthorn* name,
Being like thoſe in *Admiral Poop's* that flame.
For ſeveral paces beyond theſe, you meet
With nothing worth obſerving, ſave your feet,
Which with great caution you muſt ſtill diſpoſe,
Leſt, by miſchance, ſhould you once footing loſe,
Your own true ſtory only ſerve to grace
The lying fables of the uncouth place:
But moving forward o're the glaſſy ſhore,
You hear the torrent now much louder roar,
With ſuch a noiſe ſtriking th' aſtoniſh'd ear,
As does inform ſome cataract is near:
When ſoon the deluge that your fear attends
Contemptibly in a ſmall riv'let ends,

Which

* Pool's Lanthorn.

Which falling low with a precipitous wave,
The dreadful echo of the ſpacious cave,
Gives it that hollow ſound a man would fear,
The ſea was breaking in a channel there:
And yet above, the current's not ſo wide
To put a maid to an indecent ſtride;
Which thro' bright pebbles trembling there does crawl,
As if afraid of the approaching fall,
Which is a dreadful one; but yet how deep
I never durſt extend my neck to peep.
Beyond this little rill, before your eyes
You ſee a great tranſparent ‡pillar riſe,
Of the ſame ſhining matter with the reſt;
But ſuch a one, as nature does conteſt,
Tho' working in the dark, in this brave piece
With all the Obelisks of antique *Greece*;
For all the art the chizel could apply,
Ne're wrought ſuch curious folds of drapery.
Of this the figure is, as men ſhould crowd
A vaſt *Coloſſus* in a marble ſhroud,
And yet the plaits ſo ſoft, and flowing are,
As fineſt folds, from fineſt looms they were;
But, far as hands can reach to give a blow,
By the rude clowns, broke and diſfigur'd ſo,
As may be well ſuppos'd, when all that come,
Carry ſome piece of the rock chryſtal home.

‡The Queen of *Scots* pillar.

Of all theſe rarities, this alone can claim
A doubtleſs right to everlaſting fame,
The faireſt, brighteſt Queen, that ever yet
On Engliſh ground unhappy footing ſet,
Having, to th' reſt of th' Iſle's eternal ſhame,
Honour'd this ſtone with her own ſplendid name.
For *Scotland's* Queen, hither by art betray'd,
And by falſe friendſhip after captive made,
(As if ſhe did nought but a dungeon want
T' expreſs the utmoſt rigour of reſtraint)
Coming to view this cave, took ſo much pains,
For all the damp and horror it contains,
To penetrate ſo far, as to this place,
And ſeeing it, with her own mouth to grace,
As her *Non Ultra*, this now famous ſtone,
By naming, and declaring it her own;
Which ever ſince ſo glorioufly inſtall'd,
Has been the Queen of *Scots* her *Pillar* call'd.

Illustrious *MARY*, it had happy been,
Had you then found a cave like this to ſcreen
Your ſacred Perſon from thoſe frontier ſpies,
That of a ſovereign Princeſs durſt make prize,
When *Neptune* too officiouſly bore
Your cred'lous innocence to this faithleſs ſhore.
Oh *England!* once who hadſt the only fame
Of being kind to all who hither came
For refuge and protection; how could'ſt thou
So ſtrangely alter thy good nature now,

When

Where there was ſo much excellence to move
Not only thy compaſſion, but thy love?
'Twas ſtrange on earth, ſave *calidonian* ground,
So impudent a villain could be found,
Such Majeſty, and ſweetneſs to accuſe;
Or after, that a judge would not refuſe
Her ſentence to pronounce; or that being done,
Even amongſt the bloody'ſt hangmen to find one
Durſt, tho' her face was veil'd, and neck laid down,
Strike off the faireſt head e're wore a crown.
And what ſtate-policy there might be here,
Which does with right too often interfere,
I'm not to judge; yet thus far dare be bold,
A fouler act the ſun did ne're behold,
And 'twas the worſt, if not the only ſtain,
I'th' brighteſt annals of a female reign.

OVER the brook you're now oblig'd to ſtride,
And, on the left hand, by this pillar's ſide
To ſeek new wonders, tho' beyond this ſtone,
Unleſs you ſafe return, you'l meet with none,
And that indeed will be a kind of one:
For from this place, the way does riſe ſo ſteep,
Craggy, and wet, that who all ſafe does keep,
A ſtout and faithful genius has, that will
In Hell's black territories guard him ſtill;
Yet to behold theſe vaſt prodigious ſtones,
None who has any kindneſs for his bones,

Will venture to climb up, tho' I did once,
A certain ſymptom of an empty ſconce;
But many more have done the like ſince then,
That now are wiſer than to do't again.
Having ſwarm'd ſeven ſcore paces up, or more,
On the right hand you find a kind of floor,
Which twining back, hangs o're the cave below,
Where, thro' a hole, your kind conductors ſhow
A candle left on purpoſe at the brook,
On which with trembling horror whilſt you look,
You'l fancy't from that dreadful precipice,
A ſpark aſcending from the black abyſs.
Returning to your road, you thence muſt ſtill
Higher, and higher mount the dang'rous hill,
Till, at the laſt, dirty, and tir'd enough,
Your giddy heads do touch the ſparkling roof.
And now you here a while to pant may ſit,
To which advent'rers have thought requiſite
To add a bottle, to expreſs the love
They owe their friends left in the world above.
And here I too would ſheath my wearied pen,
Were I not bound to bring you back again;
You therefore muſt return, but with much more
Deliberate circumſpection, than before:
Two hob-nail *Peakrills*, one on either ſide,
Your arms ſupporting, like a baſhful bride,
Whilſt a third ſteps before, kindly to meet
With his broad ſhoulders your extended feet;

And

And thus from rock to rock they ſlide you down,
Till to their footing you may add your own:
Where the great torrent loudly roars below,
From whence your guides another candle ſhow
Left in the hole above, whoſe diſtant light,
Seems a ſtar peeping thro' a ſullen night.

You there with far leſs painful ſteps, but yet
More dangerous ſtill, the way you came repeat,
Your peak-bred convoy of rude men and boys,
All the way hooting with that dreadful noiſe,
A man would think it were the diſmal yell
Of ſouls tormented in the flames of Hell;
And I almoſt believe it, by the face
Our maſters give us of that unknown place.
But being conducted with this triumph back,
Before y'are permitted leave to take
Of this infernal manſion, you muſt ſee
Where Maſter *Poo!* and his bold Yeomanry
Took up their dark apartments, which do lie
Over the narrow paſs you enter'd by,
Up an aſcent of eaſy mounting, where
They ſhew his hall, his parlour, bed-chamber,
Withdrawing-room, and cloſet, and, to theſe,
His kitchen, and his other offices;
And all contriv'd to juſtify a fable,
That may indeed paſs with the ignorant rabble,

And

And might ſerve him perhaps a day, or ſo
When cloſe purſu'd; but men of ſenſe muſt know,
Who of the place have took a ſerious view,
None but the Devil himſelf could live there too.
And I half think your ſelves are glad to hear
Your own deliverance to be ſo near;
Then once more thro' the narrow paſſage ſtrain,
And you ſhall ſee the chearful day again;
When, after two hours darkneſs, you will ſay
The ſun appears dreſt in a brighter ray:
Thus after long reſtraint, when once ſet free,
Men better taſte the air of liberty.

****

The ſecond WONDER, St. ANNE's WELL, *at* Buxton.

SIX hundred paces hence, and northward ſtill,
On the deſcent of ſuch a little hill,
As by the reſt of greater bulk, and fame,
Environ'd round, ſcarcely deſerves that name,
A chryſtal fountain ſprings in healing ſtreams,
Hot (tho' cloſe ſhaded from the ſun's warm beams
By a malicious roof, that covers it,
So cloſe, as not his prying eye t'admit
That elſewhere's priviledg'd, here to behold
His beamy face, and locks of burning gold,

In the moſt flatt'ring mirrour, that below
His travel round the ſpacious globe can ſhow)
So fair a nymph, and ſo ſupremely bright,
The teeming earth did never bring to light;
Nor does ſhe ruſh into the world with noiſe
Like *Neptune's* ruder ſex of roaring boys;
But boils and ſimmers up, as if the heat
That warms her waves that motion did beget.
But where's the wonder? for it is well known,
Warm and clear fountains in the Peak are none.
Which the whole Province thorough ſo abound,
Each Yeoman almoſt has them in his ground.
Take then the wonder of this famous place;
This tepid fountain a twin-ſiſter has,
Of the ſame beauty and complexion,
That, bubbling ſix foot off, joins both in one:
But yet ſo cold withal, that who will ſtride
When bathing, croſs the bath but half ſo wide,
Shall in one body, which is ſtrange, endure
At once an *ague* and a *calenture*.
Strange, that two ſiſters ſpringing up at once,
Should differ thus in conſtitutions;
And would be ſtranger, could they be the ſame:
That love ſhould one half of the heart inflame,
Whilſt th'other, ſenſeleſs of a lover's pain,
Freezes it ſelf and him in cold diſdain;
Or that a *Naiade*, having careleſs play'd
With ſome male wanton ſtream, and fruitful made,

Should have her ſilver breaſts at once to flow,
One with warm milk, th'other with melted ſnow.
Yet for the patients 'tis more proper ſtill,
Fit to inflame the blood that's cold and chill,
And of the blood t'allay the glowing heat,
Wild youth, and yet wilder deſires beget.
Hither the ſick, the lame and barren come,
And hence go healthful, ſound, and fruitful home.
Buxton's in beauty famous, but in this
Much more the pilgrim never fruſtrate is,
That comes to bright *St. Anne*, when he can get
Nought but his pains from yellow **Somerſet*.
Nor is our Saint, tho' ſweetly humble, ſhut
Within coarſe walls of an indecent hut;
But in the center of a palace ſprings,
A manſion proud enough for *Saxon* Kings;
But by a Lady built, who rich and wiſe,
Not only houſes rais'd, but families,
More, and more great, than *England* that does flow
In loyal Peers, can from one fountain ſhow.
But either thro' the fault of th' architect,
The workman's ign'rance, knavery, or neglect;
Or thro' the ſearching nature of the air,
Which almoſt always breaths in tempeſts there;
This ſtructure which in expectation ſhou'd
Ages as many as't has years, have ſtood;

Chinkt

**Bath* in *Somerſetſhire*.

Chinkt, and decay'd ſo dangerouſly faſt,
And near a ruin; till it came at laſt,
To be thought worth the noble ‡owner's care,
New to rebuild, what art could not repair,
As he has done, and like himſelf, of late
Much more commodious, and of greater ſtate.

The third WONDER, WEEDING-WALL, *or* TYDES-WELL.

NORTH-Eaſt from hence, three peakiſh miles at leaſt;
(Which who once meaſures will dread all the reſt)
At th' inſtep of juſt ſuch another hill,
There creeps a ſpring that makes a little rill,
Which at firſt ſight, to curious viſiters,
So ſmall, and ſo contemptible appears,
They'd think themſelves abus'd, did they not ſtay
To ſee wherein the wonder of it lay.
This fountain is ſo very ſmall,
Th' obſerver hardly can perceive it crawl
Thorough the ſedge, which ſcarcely in their beds
Confeſs a current by their waving heads.
I'th' chinks thro' which it iſſues to the day,
It ſtagnant ſeems, and makes ſo little way,

‡ William Earl of Devonſhire.

That Thiſtle-down without a breeze of air,
May lie at *Hull*, and be becalmed there;
Which makes the wary owner of the ground,
For his herds uſe the tardy waves impound,
In a low ciſtern of ſo ſmall content
As ſtops ſo little of the element
For ſo important uſe, that when the cup
Is fulleſt crown'd, a cow may drink it up.
Yet this ſo ſtill, ſo very little well,
Which thus beheld ſeems ſo contemptible,
No leſs of real wonder does comprize,
Than any of the other rarities:
For now and then, a hollow murmuring ſound,
Being firſt heard remotely under ground,
The ſpring immediately ſwells, and ſtraight
Boils up thro' ſeveral pores to ſuch a height,
As, overflowing ſoon the narrow ſhoar,
Below does in a little torrent roar.
Whilſt, near the fountain's mouth the water ſings
Thorough the ſecret conduits of her ſprings,
With ſuch a harmony of various notes,
As grottos yeild thro' narrow brazen throats,
When, by the weight of higher ſtreams, the lower
Are upwards forc'd in an inverted ſhower.
But the ſweet muſick's ſhort, three minutes ſpace
To th' higheſt mark this oceanet does raiſe,
And half that time retires the ebbing waves,
To the dark windings of their frigid caves.

To

To seek inveſtigable cauſes out,
Serves not to clear, but to increaſe a doubt,
And where the beſt of nature's ſpies but grope,
For me, who worſt can ſpeculate, what hope
To find the ſecret cauſe of theſe ſtrange tides?
Which an impenetrable mountain hides
From all to view theſe miracles that come,
In dark receſſes of her ſpacious womb.
And *he who is in nature the beſt read,
Who the beſt hand has to the wiſeſt head,
Who beſt can think, and beſt his thoughts expreſs,
Does but, perhaps, more rationally gueſs,
When he his ſenſe delivers of theſe things,
And fancy ſends to ſearch theſe unknown ſprings.

He tells us firſt, theſe flowing waters are
Too ſweet, their fluxes too irregular,
To owe to *Neptune* theſe fantaſtic turns;
Nor yet does *Phœbe* with her ſilver horns,
In theſe free franchis'd ſubterranean caves
Puſh into crowded tides the frighted waves.
But that the ſpring ſwell'd by ſome ſmoaking ſhower
That teeming clouds on *Tellus* ſurface pour,
Marches amain with a confederate force,
Until ſome ſtraiter paſſage in it's courſe,
Stops the tumultuous throng, which preſſing faſt,
And forc'd on ſtill to more precipitous haſte,

*Mr. Hobbs.

By the ſucceeding ſtreams, lies gargling there,
Till in that narrow throat, th' obſtructed air,
Finding it ſelf in too ſtrict limits pent,
Oppoſes ſo th' invading element,
As firſt to make the half choak'd gullet heave,
And then diſgorge the ſtream it can't receive.

THAN this, of this *Peak-wonder*, I believe
None a more plauſible account can give.
Tho' here it might be ſaid, if this were ſo,
It never would, but in wet weather flow;
Yet in the greateſt droughts the earth abides,
It never fails to yeild leſs frequent tides,
Which always clear and unpoluted are,
And nothing of the waſh of tempeſt ſhare.
But whether this a wonder be, or no;
'Twill be one, reader, if thou ſeeſt it flow:
For having been there ten times, for the nonce,
I never yet could ſee it flow but once,
And that the laſt time too, which made me then
Take my laſt leave on't, as I now do here.

The fourth WONDER, ELDEN HOLE.

HENCE two miles eaſt, does a fourth wonder lie,
Worthy the greateſt curioſity,
Call'd *Elden Hole*; but ſuch a dreadful place,
As will procure a tender Muſe her grace,

In the deſcription if ſhe chance to fail,
When my hand trembles, and my cheeks turn pale.
Betwixt a verdant mountain's falling flanks,
And within bounds of eaſy ſwelling banks,
That hem the wonder in on either ſide,
A formidable ſciſſure gapes ſo wide,
Steep, black, and full of horror, that who dare
Look down into the chaſm, and keeps his hair
From lifting off his hat, either has none,
Or for more modiſh curls caſheers his own.
It were injurious I muſt confeſs,
By mine to meaſure braver courages:
But when I peep into't, I muſt declare,
My heart ſtill beats, and eyes with horror ſtare.
And he, that ſtanding on the brink of Hell,
Can carry it ſo unconcern'd, and well,
As to betray no fear, is, certainly,
A better chriſtian, or a worſe than I.

THIS yawning mouth is thirty paces long,
Scarce half ſo wide, within lin'd thro' with ſtrong
Contiguous walls of ſolid perpend ſtone:
A gulf wide, ſteep, black, and a dreadful one;
Which few, that come to ſee it, dare come near,
And the moſt daring ſtill approach with fear.
Having with terror, here beheld a ſpace
The ghaſtly aſpect of this dang'rous place;

Critical

Critical paſſengers uſually ſound,
How deep the threatning gulf goes under ground,
By tumbling down ſtones ſought throughout the field,
As great as the officious Bores can weild,
Of which ſuch millions of tons are thrown,
That in a country almoſt all of ſtone,
About the place they ſomething ſcarce are grown.
But being brought, down they're condemn'd to go,
When ſilence being made, and ears laid low,
The firſt's turn'd off, which, as it parts the air,
A kind of ſighing makes, as if it were
Capable of that uſeleſs paſſion, fear.
Till the firſt hit ſtrikes the aſtoniſh'd ear,
Like thunder under ground; thence it invades,
With louder thunders, thoſe *Tartarean* ſhades,
Which groan forth horror, at each pond'rous ſtroke
Th' unnat'ral iſſue gives the parent rock;
Whilſt, as it ſtrikes, the ſound by turns we note,
When nearer flat, ſharper when more remote,
As the hard walls on which it ſtrikes are found
Fit to reverberate the bellowing ſound:
When, after falling long, it ſeems to hiſs,
Like the old ſerpent in the dark abyſs:
Till echo, tir'd with poſting, does refuſe
To carry to th' inquiſitive perdu's
That couchant lie above, the trembling news.
And there ends our intelligence, how far
It travels further, no one can declare;

Tho' if it reſted here, the place might well
Sure be accepted for a miracle.

YOUR guide to all theſe wonders, never fails
To entertain you with ridic'lous tales
Of this ſtrange place, one of a gooſe thrown in,
Which out of *Peak's-arſe* two miles off was ſeen
Shell naked *Sally*, rifled of her plume;
By which a man may lawfully preſume,
The owner was a woman grave, and wiſe,
Could know her gooſe again in that diſguiſe.

ANOTHER lying tale the people tell,
And without ſmiling, of a pond'rous bell
By a long rope let down the pit to ſound;
When many hundred fathoms under ground
It ſtopt; but tho' they made their ſinews crack,
All the men there could not once move it back;
Till, after ſome ſhort ſpace, the plunder'd line
With ſcores of curious knots made wond'rous fine,
Came up amain with eaſy motion;
But for the jangling plummet, that was gone.

BUT with theſe idle fables feign'd of old,
Some modern truths, and ſad ones too, are told:
One, of that mercenary fool, expos'd
His life for gold, t'explore what lies inclos'd
In this obſcure vacuity, and tell
Of ſtranger ſights than *Theſeus* ſaw in Hell:

But the poor wretch paid for his thirſt of gain:
For being crain'd up with a diſtemper'd brain,
A fault'ring tongue, and a wild ſtaring look,
(Whether by damps not known, or horror ſtruck)
Now this man was confed'rate with miſchance
'Gainſt his own life, his whole inheritance,
Which bates the pity human nature bears
To poor involuntary ſufferers:
But the ſad tale of his ſeverer fate
Whoſe ſtory's next, compaſſion muſt create,
He raving languiſh'd a few days, and then
Dy'd; peradventure to go down again.
In ſavages and in the ſilent deep,
Make the hard marble, that deſtroy'd him, weep.

A ſtranger, to this day from whence not known,
Travelling this wild country all alone,
And by the night ſurpriz'd, by deſtiny
(If ſuch a thing, and ſo unkind there be)
Was guided to a village near this place,
Where asking at a houſe how far it was
To ſuch a town, and being told ſo far;
Will you, my friend, t'oblige a traveller,
Says the benighted ſtranger, be ſo kind
As to conduct me thither? you will bind
My gratitude for ever, and in hand,
Shall preſently receive what you'l demand.

The

The fellow hum'd, and haw'd, and ſcratch'd his pate,
And, to draw on good wages, ſaid 'twas late,
And grew ſo dark, that tho' he knew the way,
He durſt not be ſo confident, to ſay
He might not miſs it in ſo dark a night:
But if his Worſhip would be pleas'd t'alight,
And let him call a friend, he made no doubt,
But one of them would ſurely find it out.
The traveller well pleas'd at any rate,
To have ſo expert guides, diſmounted ſtraight,
Giving his horſe up to the treach'rous ſlave,
Who having hous'd him, forthwith fell to heave
And poize the portmanteau, which finding fraight
At either end with lumps of tempting weight,
The Devil and he made but a ſhort diſpute
About the thing they ſoon did execute;
For calling th'other rogue, who long had been
His 'complice in preceeding acts of ſin,
He tells him of the prize, ſets out the gain,
Shews how ſecure and eaſy to obtain;
Which preſt ſo home, where was ſo little need,
The ſtranger's ruin quickly was decreed.
Thus to the poor proſcrib'd, the villains go,
And with joint confidence aſſure him ſo,
That with his hap to meet ſuch friends, content
He put himſelf into their hands, and went.

THE guilty night, as if ſhe would expreſs
Confederacy with ſuch black purpoſes,
The ſparkling Hemiſphere had overſpread
With darkeſt vapours from foul *Lerna* bred;
The world was huſh'd, ſaving a ſighing wind,
That might have warn'd a more preſaging mind,
When theſe two ſons of *Satan*, thus agreed,
With ſeeming warineſs, and care proceed,
All the while mixing their amuſing chat,
With frequent cautions of this ſtep, and that;
Till having ſome ſix hundred paces gone,
Maſter here's but a ſurvy grip, ſays one
Of the damn'd rogues (and he ſaid very right)
Pray for more ſafety, Sir, be pleas'd t' alight,
And let him lead your horſe a little ſpace,
Till you are paſt this one uneven place,
You'l need to light no more, I'll warrant you,
And ſtill this inſtrument of Hell ſaid true;
Forthwith alights the innocent trapann'd,
One leads his horſe, the other takes his hand,
And, with a ſhew of care, conducts him thus
To theſe ſteep threſholds of black *Erebus*;
And there (O act of horror which out-vies
The direſt of inhuman cruelties!)
Let me (my muſe) repeat it without ſin,
The barb'rous villain puſht him headlong in.
The frighted wretch having no time to ſpeak,
Forc'd his diſtended throat in ſuch a ſhriek,

As

As, by the ſhrilneſs of the doleful cry,
Pierc'd thro' and thro' th' immenſe inanity,
Informing ſo the half dead faller's ear
What he muſt ſuffer, what he had to fear,
When, at the very firſt befriending knock,
His trembling brains ſmear'd the *Tarpeian* rock,
The ſhatter'd carcaſs downward rattles faſt,
Whilſt thence diſmiſs'd, the ſoul with greater haſte
From thoſe infernal manſions does remove,
And mounts to ſeek the happy ſeats above.
What bloody *Arab* of the felleſt breed,
What but the yet more fell *I*——*n* ſeed,
Could once have meditated ſuch a deed?
But one of theſe Heaven's vengeance did e're long
Call to account for this poor creature's wrong,
Who hang'd for other crimes, among the reſt
This horrid murder at his death confeſt:
Whilſt t'other rogue, to juſtice foul diſgrace,
Yet lives, 'tis ſaid unqueſtion'd near the place.
How deep this gulph does travel under ground,
Tho' there have been attempts, was never found;
But I my ſelf, with half the Peak ſurrounded,
Eight hundred fourſcore, and four yards have ſounded,
And, tho' of theſe fourſcore return'd back wet,
The plummet drew, and found no bottom yet:
Tho' when I went again another day,
To make a further and a new eſſay,
I could not get the lead down half the way.

The fifth WONDER, MAM-TOR.

ENOUGH of Hell! from hence you forward ride,
Still mounting up the mountain's groaning ſide,
Till having gain'd the utmoſt height, your eye
North-ward a mile, a higher does deſcry,
And ſteeper much, tho' from that proſpect green,
With a black, mooriſh valley ſtretcht between.
Unlike in ſtature, and in ſubſtance, this
To the ſouth-eaſt is a great precipice,
Not of firm rock, like the reſt here that ſhroud
Their lowring ſummits in a dewy cloud:
But of a ſhaly earth, that from the crown
With a continual motion mouldring down,
Spawns a leſs hill of looſer mould below,
Which will in time tall as the mother grow,
And muſt perpetuate the wonder ſo.
Which wonder is, that tho' this hill ne're ceaſe
To waſte it ſelf, it ſuffers no decreaſe:
But t'would a greater be, if thoſe that paſs
Should miſs the atoms of ſo vaſt a maſs;
Tho' neighbours, if they nearer would inquire,
Muſt needs perceive the pilling cliff retire;
And the moſt curſory beholder may
Viſibly ſee a manifeſt decay,

By

By jutting ſtones, that by the earth left bare
Hang on the trip ſuſpended in the air.
This haughty mountain by indulgent fame
Preferr'd t'a wonder *Mam-Tor* has to name;
For in that country jargon's uncouth ſenſe
Expreſſing any craggy eminence,
From *Tow'r*; but then why *Mam* I can't ſurmiſe,
Unleſs becauſe mother to that does riſe
Out of her ruins; better then to ſpeak,
It might be call'd the *Phœnix* of the Peak;
For when this mountain by long waſting's gone,
Her aſhes will, and not till then, be one.
Which e're I quit, I muſt beg leave to tell
One ſtory only of this miracle.

Of late a country fellow, it ſeems one
Who had more courage than diſcretion;
Untempted; or by wager, or by price,
And obſtinately deaf to all advice,
Would needs attempt to climb this precipice.
Thus then reſolv'd th' *Enceladus* ſets out,
With a peak-heart, heav'n-defying ſtout,
A daring look, and vaſt coloſſean ſtrides,
To ſtorm the frowning mountain's mould'ring ſides.
Wherein the firſt ſteps of th' advent'rer's proof,
Were eaſy, and encouraging enough,
Scarce pent-houſe-ſteep, and ev'ry ſtep did brand
Aſſured footing in the yielding ſand;

And

And higher tho' much ſteeper; yet the hill
By leaning backward gave him footing ſtill;
Tho' ſtill more tickle, and unſafe, as higher
The hair-brain'd fool did in's attempt aſpire.
But being arriv'd to the ſtupendious place,
Where the cliff's beetle brows o'relook his baſe,
The jutting front with threatning ruins there
Bid ſtand unto the bold adventurer.
Then from that ſtupifying height, too late
Th' aſtoniſh'd wretch ſaw his approaching fate;
Thence firſt he downward caſt his woful eyes,
Sadly to view the dang'rous precipice,
Which the bold ſtormer with ſuch horror ſtruck,
As all his limbs with a cold trembling ſhook,
With ſo unſeaſonable an ague fit,
That hands and feet were ready hold to quit,
And to the fool their maſter's fate ſubmit.
How to advance a ſtep he could not tell,
And to deſcend was as impoſſible:
But thus environed with black deſpair,
He hung ſuſpended in the liquid air.
He then would fain have pray'd: but authors ſay,
Few of the province gifted are that way;
And that to ſwear, curſe, ſlander, and forſwear,
More nat'ral is to your *Peak Highlander*;
Tho' there are many virtuous people there.
Be it how it will, the fellow hung
On ſtretch'd-out ſinews ſo exceeding long,

Till

Till ready to drop off, neceſſity
Bad mount, and live; or elſe fall down and die;
With laſt effort he upward then gan crawl,
To riſe; or from a nobler height to fall;
And as he forward ſtrove, began to try
This, and that hanging ſtone's ſtability;
To prove their firmneſs, and to feel what hold
The earth-bound ends had in the crumbling mould.
Some of which hanging tables as he ſtill
Made further progreſs up the trickling hill,
He found ſo looſe, they threaten'd as he went,
To ſweep him off, and be his monument.
But 'tis moſt certain that ſome other end,
In fate's dark leaves for the raſh fool is pen'd.
Not by a fall ſo noble, and ſo high,
Tho' by a SLIP perhaps 'twixt earth and sky;
For, to th' ſpectators wonder, and his own,
He panting gain'd at laſt the mountain's crown.

The ſixth WONDER, PEAK's ARSE, *commonly call'd the* DEVIL's ARSE.

HENCE an uneven mile below, in ſight
Of this ſtrange cliff, and almoſt oppoſite,
Lies *Caſtleton*, a place of noted fame,
Which from the caſtle there derives it's name.

Ent'ring the village presently y'are met
With a clear, swift, and murm'ring rivulet,
Towards whose source, if up the stream you look
On your right hand close by, your eye is struck
With a stupendious rock, rising so high
His craggy temples tow'rds the azure sky,
That if we this should with the rest compare,
They hillocks, mole-hills, warts and pebbles are.
This, as if King of all the mountains round,
Is on the top with an old tower crown'd,
An antick thing, fit to make people stare;
But of no use, either in peace, or war.
Under this castle yawns a dreadful cave,
Whose sight may well astonish the most brave,
And make him pause, e're further he proceed
T'explore what in those gloomy vaults lie hid.
The brook, which from one mighty spring does flow,
Thro' a deep stony channel runs below,
Whilst o're a path level, and broad enough
For human feet, or for the armed hoof;
Above you, and below all precipice,
You still advance toward the *Court of Dis.*
Over this causey as you forward go,
On your right hand cross the deep course below,
You see the fountain's long imprison'd streams
Leap out to wanton in the sun's warm beams.
There thro' a marble pipe some two foot wide,
And deeper than a pike's length can decide,

Sick of long wand'ring in thoſe invious caves,
She here diſgorges her tumultuous waves,
With ſuch a force, that if you quoit a ſtone
Any thing flat, altho' a heavy one,
Tho' the fall makes it ſink, it will amain,
Like ſqueamiſh patients throw it up again,
As a pale leaf, kill'd by the winter's frown;
Nor, till it gain an edge, receive it down.
So that it ſeems by the ſtrange force it has,
Riſing from ſuch a pond'rous mountain's baſe,
As if preſs'd down with the great weight, it thence
Deriv'd this ſupernat'ral violence.
Above the ſpring, the channel goes up ſtill,
Dry now; but which the cave does ſometimes fill
With ſuch a roaring and high ſwelling tide
The talleſt firſt-rate frigate there may ride.

Now to the *cave* we come, wherein is found
A new ſtrange thing, a *village* under ground;
Houſes and barns for men and beaſts behoof,
With diſtinct walls under one ſolid roof.
Stacks both of hay and turf, which yeild a ſcent
Can only fume from *Satan's* fundament;
For this black cave lives in the voice of fame
To the ſame ſenſe, by a yet courſer name.

The ſubterranean people ready ſtand,
A candle each, moſt two in either hand

To guide, who are to penetrate inclin'd
The *inteſtinum rectum* of the fiend.
Thus, by a blinking and promiſcuous light
We now begin to travel into night,
Hoping indeed to ſee the ſun again;
Tho' none of us can tell, or how, or when.
Now in your way a ſoft deſcent you meet,
Where the ſand takes th'impreſſion of your feet,
And which, 'ere many yards you meaſur'd have,
Brings you into the level of the cave.
Some paces hence the roof comes down ſo low,
The humbleſt ſtatures are compell'd to bow,
Firſt low, then lower; 'till at laſt we go
On four feet now who walk'd before on two;
Then ſtraight it lets you upright riſe, and then
It forces you to ſtoop, and creep again;
Till to a ſilent brook at laſt you come,
Whoſe lympid waves dart rays about the room;
But there the rock it's boſom bows ſo low,
That few advent'rers further preſs to go;
Yet we muſt through; or elſe how can we give
Of this ſtrange place a perfect narrative?
But how's the queſtion? for the water's deep,
The bottom dipping, ſlippery, and ſteep;
Where if you ſlip, an ill hour brought you hither,
You ſhoot under a rock the Lord knows whither.
Then 'tis twelve paces broad, to that ſo low
The rock does tow'rds the water's ſurface bow,

That

That who will paſs in double dangers bound,
Riſing he breaks his ſkull, ſtooping he's drown'd.
Thrice I the paſs attempted with deſire,
And thrice I did inglorioufly retire;
Till ſhame did that my courage fail'd to do,
And maugre difficulties, forc'd me through.
As my foot chock'd upon the further ſhore
My heart began to riſe, that ſunk before,
And as ſoon felt a new acceſs of pain,
Now I was here, how to get back again.
And with good cauſe; for if (as ſometimes here
By mounts of ſand within it does appear,
A rapid current navigably deep
The ſides and bottom of the cave does ſweep)
There now ſhould the leaſt rill of water come
To fill the 'fore-nam'd very little room,
And higher ſhould but poor ſix inches ſwell,
'Twould render all retreat impoſſible.
But that thought comes too late, and they who take
A voyage once over the *Stygian Lake*,
(Where ſouls for ever uſually remain)
Have better luck if they return again.

Being o're this dangerous paſs, above us now
Are high roof'd vaults: oh, for a golden bough
To charm the train of that infernal God
Who in thoſe caverns makes his dark abode!

The cave is here not only high, but wide;
Stretching it ſelf ſo far from ſide to ſide,
As if (paſt theſe blind creeks) we now were come
Into the hollow of the mountain's womb.
The ſtately walls of diff'ring fabrick are,
One ſloping, th'other perpendicular;
I *fabrick* ſay, becauſe on the right hand,
If you will climb the *Acherontic* Strand
A curious portal greets the wond'ring eye,
Where architecture's chiefeſt ſymetry
Is every where obſerv'd, and ſerves to ſhow
The poor *deſign above to this below.
Two *Tuſcan* columns jutting from the wall,
With each his proper baſe and capital,
Support a well turn'd arch, and of one piece,
With all it's mouldings, frize and coronice.
Oh, who that ſees theſe things, but muſt reflect
With wonder on th'Almighty Architect,
Whoſe works all human art ſo far excel!
For doubtleſs he that Heaven made, made Hell.
This leads into a handſome room, wherein
A baſon ſtands with waters chryſtalline,
To welcome ſuch as once at leaſt ſhall grace
With unknown light this ſolitary place.
On this ſide many more ſmall grottos are,
Which, were the firſt away, would all ſeem rare:

But

*The caſtle over it.

But that once ſeen, we may the reſt paſs by,
As hardly worth our curioſity.
But we muſt back, 'ere we can forward go,
Into the channel we forſook below;
Thro' which the rugged paſs does only lie
T'a further, and compleat diſcovery.

BEING return'd, we now again proceed
Thorough a vale that's ſalubrous indeed;
Squeezing our guts, bruiſing our fleſh and bones,
To thruſt betwixt maſſy and pointed ſtones,
Some three, ſome four, and others five foot high,
Puffing and ſweating in our induſtry;
Till after three or fourſcore paces more,
We reach the ſecond river's marble ſhore,
Four times as broad as that we paſs'd before.
The water's margent here goes down ſo ſteep,
That at firſt ſtep you chop in middle-deep;
But tho' the way be cumberſome and rough,
'Tis no where more, and fordable enough.
This, as the other clear, differs in this,
That bottom is of ſand, this ſtony is;
And here withal the water is ſo ſtrong,
That as you raiſe one foot to move along,
Without good heed you will have much ado
To fix the other foot from riſing too;
And yet there is no current here, nor ſpring,
T'occaſion ſuch an unexpected thing;

For

For tho' the country people are ſo wiſe
To call theſe rivers, they are but ſtagnancies,
Left by the flood; which, when retir'd again
The cave does in her hollow lap retain.
As here thro' cobling ſtones we ſtumbling wade,
The narrowing cave caſts ſuch a dreadful ſhade,
That being thence unable to diſcover,
With all our lights, how far the lake was over,
We made a halt, and, as the reſt deſir'd,
I now half willing was to have retir'd;
And had not reſolution then ſtept in,
The great adventure had not finiſh'd been.
But o'er we got, and from our cloaths there rain'd
A welcome ſhower upon the thirſty ſand,
Of which we here vaſt mountains ſaw, by ſeas
Of torrents waſh'd from diſtant provinces;
For the hard ribs of the cave's native ſtone
So ſolid are, that *that* I'm ſure yeilds none.
Over theſe hills we forward ſtill contend,
Wiſhing and longing for our journey's end,
Till now again we ſaw the rock deſcend,
Forming a roof ſo even, ſmooth, and ſleak,
Without a crack, or ſeam, or chink, or nick,
Some twenty paces long, and ten foot high,
As the mechanic trowel may defy.
I'th midſt of which a cupola does riſe,
(As if to crown the other rarities)

In th' exact hollow of a weighty bell,
Which does in beauty very much excel
All I 'ere ſaw before, excepting none,
Tho' I have been at *Lincoln* and at *Roan*.
Juſt beyond this, a purling rill we meet,
Which, tho' ſcarce deep enough to wet our feet,
Had they been dry, muſt be a river too,
And has more title than the other two;
Becauſe this runs, which neither of them do.
Tho' ev'ry channel that we ſee does pour
More liberal ſtreams in ev'ry thundery ſhow'r.
Juſt where 'tis met, as if to ſhun the light,
It under ground vaniſhes out of ſight;
We take the obvious ſtream to be our guide,
Sand-hills and rocks by turns on either ſide,
Plaſhing thro' water, and thro' ſlabby ſand,
Till a vaſt ſand-hill once more bids us ſtand;
For here again who'ere ſhall try, will know
The humourous rock deſcends ſo very low,
That the ſwol'n floods when they in fury rave,
Throw up this mount that almoſt choaks the cave.
Where tho' the brook offer'd to guide us ſtill,
Thro' a blind creek o'th' right hand of this hill;
We thought it not prudence to follow it,
Unlikely we conceiv'd our bulks t'admit;
But ſtorm the hill, which riſing faſt and ſteep
So near the rock we on all four muſt creep,
It on the other ſide as faſt does dip:

And to reward us for the mighty pain,
Brought us unto our little nymph again.
Which we ſome paces follow'd ſtill, when there
A ſudden noiſe ſtriking th'aſtoniſh'd ear,
We neither could gueſs what, nor tell from whence,
Struck us into amazement, and ſuſpence.
We ſtood all mute, and pallid with the ſight;
A paleneſs ſo increas'd by paler light,
That every wand a caduce did appear,
As we a caravan of dead folks were:
But really ſo terrible a ſound
Sure ne're was heard above, or under ground.
To which the difficulties we had had,
And horror of the place did ſo much add,
That it was long before a word came out
To ask a queſtion, or reſolve a doubt.
But, by ſome one, the ſilence being broke,
We altogether in confuſion ſpoke:
But all croſs purpoſe, not a word of ſenſe,
Either to get, or give intelligence.
So when a tall, and richly laden ſhip,
Plowing the ſea with all her ſails a-trip,
Suddenly ſtrikes upon ſome unſeen rock,
Her ſeams laid open by the pond'rous ſhock,
The paſſengers, and ſeamen tear their throats
In confus'd cries, and undiſtinguiſh'd notes.

Some

Some thought a flood was juſt now breaking in,
Some that **Pyracmon* had at th'anvil been,
With ‡*Brontes* forging thunderbolts for *Jove*,
Or for ſome Heroe, arms i'th' world above;
Some ſaid it thunder'd; others this, and that,
Ev'ry one fear'd; but not a man knew what.
Till at the laſt, a little calmer grown,
Again we liſten'd, then ſpake one by one;
Began to think, and temp'rately debate,
What we were beſt to do in this eſtate.
The major vote was quickly to retire,
Which alſo thoſe oppos'd it did deſire;
Tho' in the end we all agreed to ſee
What the great cauſe of this ſtrange noiſe might be,
Nor were we long in doubt; for e're we had
But twenty paces further progreſs made,
Before our eyes we ſaw it plain appear,
And then were out of count'nance at our fear.
On the right hand an open paſſage lies
Where once again the roof does ſloping riſe
In a ſteep, craggy, and a lubrick ſhore,
As high at leaſt, as any where before;

*Pyracmon, ‡Brontes, *and* Steropes, (*according to the fabulous ſtory of the* Heathen Gods) *were three of the* Cyclops, *having but one Eye, and that in the middle of their foreheads, and were the ſervants of* Vulcan, *aſſiſting him in the forging* Jupiter's *thunderbolts.*

Where from the very top of all the hill,
A murm'ring fountain does her ſtreams diſtil,
Which thence deſcending with a headlong wave,
Roars in remoter windings of the cave;
Tho' here it does in gentle whiſpers brawl
Thro' little ſtones, and is ſcarce heard at all.
The water falling down ſo ſilent here,
And roaring louder than the thunderer
At a remoter diſtance, ſeems, as if
The chryſtal ſtream that trickles from the cliff,
Were a catarrh, that falling from the brain
Upon his leathern lungs, did thus conſtrain
The fiend to cough ſo very loud, and tear
His marble throat, and fright th' adventurer.
But if this liquid cave does any where
Deſerve the title of a *Grot*, 'tis here;
For here, as from her urn the nymph does pour,
The water breaks on rocks in ſuch a ſhow'r,
Sparkling quite round the place, as made us doubt
'Twould hazard ſpitting all our candles out;
Which had it happen'd ſo, we fairly might
Have bid unto the world a long *good night*.
Wherefore it did concern us to make haſte,
And thus we have the third fam'd river paſt.

Up the old channel ſtill we forward tend,
Wond'ring, and longing when our ſearch ſhould end;

For we were all grown weary of the night,
And wiſh'd to ſee the long forſaken light.
And, reader, now the happy time draws near
To end your trouble, as it did our fear:
For many paces more we had not gone,
Before we came to a large vault of ſtone
Curiouſly arch'd, and wall'd on either ſide,
Some thirty paces long, and thirteen wide,
Scarce ten foot high, which does deprive the place
Unhappily of due proportion's grace.
This full of water ſtands, but yet ſo clear
That thorough it the bottom does appear
So ſmooth, and even laid with glitt'ring ſand,
That the moſt tim'rous will not make a ſtand:
But boldly ſtep into't, to ſee the end
To which all theſe ſo ſtrange meanders tend.
The firſt ſtep's ankle-deep, the next may be
To the mid-leg, and no where paſt the knee,
Saving, that at the very end of all,
Where the rock meets us with an even wall,
Under the foot, and in the midſt of it
There is a pretty ſemi-circular pit.
About ſome four foot wide, and ſix foot deep,
Which underneath the baſis dipping ſteep,
And the impending rock at leaſt three foot
Deſcending with a ſharp round peak into't,
Shuts up the cave, and, with our own deſire,
Kindly complying, bids us to retire.

Nor did we there make any longer ſtay,
Than only ſtooping with our ſticks t'eſſay
If pottering this, and that way, we could find
How deep it went; or which way it did wind.
Though 'twas in vain; for the low bending rock
Did thoſe ridiculous endeavours mock.
This the fourth river is, altho' of more
Than three, and one unfordable, before
None ever heard, and if a further ſhore,
Belong to this, none ever paſt it o're;
Nothing with legs and arms can come unto't,
They muſt be fins, and 'tis a fiſh muſt do't.
But I am well aſſur'd none ever was
Till now ſo far in this unwholeſome place,
From whence with falls and knocks, tho' almoſt lame,
We faſter much retreated than we came,
And meaſuring it as we return'd again,
Found it five hundred paces by the chain.

We now once more behold the chearful ſun,
And one would think 'twere time we here had done:
But e're I go I muſt one ſtory tell
Concerns the place, ſo great a miracle
As can't omitted be without offence,
It being an effect of providence.

The tow'r that ſtands on tip-toe in the air,
And o're the channel perpendicular,

Is

Is on a hill by't ſelf, tho' not ſo high
By infinite degrees, as one cloſe by,
A narrow valley interpos'd between:
But this is all a crag, the other green.
On ev'ry ſide from this old caſtle down,
Is perfect cliff, except towards the town,
Where the aſcent is ſteep, but in the rock,
Forc'd by the pond'rous hammer's conqu'ring ſtroak,
A winding way from the rough mountain's foot,
Was made the only avenue unto't.
'Tis true, that, juſt over the cave, the hill
In an extended ridge continues ſtill:
But to ſo ſmall a neck's contracted there,
The tower blocks the paſs up with one ſquare.
And yet that once there has a paſſage been
Into the fort this way, is to be ſeen
By ribs of arches ſtanding of free-ſtone,
On which a bridge has formerly been thrown
Over a graff parts the hill's double crown:
But if by art, or nature made, not known;
It now with docks and thiſtles is o're-grown.
On one hand of this bridge, a cliff does fall
O're the cave's mouth, ſteep as a perpend wall;
On th' other hand, one very near as ſteep
Looks down into the vale; but not ſo deep;
For I am moſt aſſur'd, that we did go
Under the vale when in the cave below,

And

And the whole diſtance not twelve paces is
Betwixt the one, and th' other precipice.
This valley (which by the **caves-way* is known)
Is one of the chief paſſes to the town,
And where it more remotely does begin
Gently to dimple theſe two hills between,
Falls with ſo eaſy a deſcent as ne're
Could trouble the moſt ſouthern traveller:
But that o're-ſlipt, his neck muſt dearly pay
The raſhneſs, if he will attempt that way.

A country fellow ſome years ſince, who was
Nothing a ſtranger to the tickle paſs,
Being by's maſter ſent ſome friends to guide
O're thoſe wild mountains of the foreſt wide,
By them was ſo rewarded, as to make
Him, who had guided them, his way miſtake:
For coming back, when night the day had clos'd
Careleſs, and drunk enough may be ſuppos'd,
He learnedly the paſs did over-ſhoot,
Thinking he was not yet arriv'd unto't:
But trotted on along the mountain's ridge,
Until he came almoſt unto the bridge
Cloſe by the tow'r, which tho' it could not be
Thirty yards off, it ſeems, he could not ſee,

To

*The valley on the back-ſide of the caſtle call'd the *cave* and the *cave's-way*.

To that degree either the miſts or night,
Or his potation, did obſtruct his ſight.
But here he thought to turn into the vale,
Altho' his mare, who having had no ale,
Was unto both their ſafeties more awake,
At firſt refus'd the dang'rous ſtep to take;
Like unto peeviſh *Balaam's* faithful aſs,
Who more clear-ſighted than the prophet was,
Proving her rider ſo, for once at leaſt,
If not the greater aſs, the greater beaſt.
But being ſpurr'd up to the place again,
Angry it ſeems her counſel was not ta'ne;
She took a greater leap againſt her will,
Than *Pegaſus* from t'other bye-top hill,
With all th'advantage that he had of wing,
When from his pinch ſtarted the *Poet's ſpring*.
And from the giddy height the Lord knew whither,
Down with a vengeance they both went together.
Where they did part, himſelf could ne're declare;
If on ſome rub by th' way; or in the air:
But at the bottom he was left for dead,
With a good memorandum on his head,
That laid him ſo aſleep, he did not wake
Till with the cold his bones began to ake:
And then he ſtir'd, rowling his heavy eye
Towards the vault of the enamell'd sky,
Which now thick-ſet with ſparkling ſtars he ſees,
That but of late had been no friends of his;

And, by the favour of the twinkling light,
The caſtle too appear'd above in ſight;
By which he faintly recollected where
His Worſhip was, tho' not how he came there:
But this ſmall ſenſe did opportunely come
To help him make a ſhift to ſtumble home.
Thither he comes, and knocking at the door
(Tho' not ſo hard as he was knock'd before)
His maſter hears at firſt, and cries *who's there?*
Why (poorly cries the other) I am here.
Up ſtarts the maſter ſtraight, and lets him in;
I'th' name of God (quoth he) where haſt thou been,
That thou'rt thus late? to which the wiſe reply
Was this, nay maſter what the Dee'l know I?
But ſomewhere I have had a lungeous ſaw,
I'm ſure o' that; and, maſter, that's neet aw.
A candle then was lighted, when his ſconce
Did repreſent raw-head, and bloody-bones.
A lungeous ſaw indeed, the maſter ſaid,
Thy very looks would make a man afraid,
Thou haſt drank deep thy hogs-head on the tilt,
But where's my mare? no matter where, hoo's kilt,
Replies the man, i'th' morninck ſend, and ſee,
The Devil's power go with theſe Torrs for me.
His dame was call'd, and he ſoon got to bed,
Where ſhe did waſh and dreſs his great calves-head
So well, that in the morning 'twas his care
To go, and fley, (not to fetch home) his mare:

But

But ſhe had ſhar'd his fortune, and was found
Grazing within the valley ſafe and ſound,
Sans hurt, or blemiſh, ſave a little ſtrip
Of hair and skin rippled upon her hip.
The hat, ſaddle and cloth, denoted well,
As they were ſcatter'd found, juſt where they fell;
And yet, as oft as I the place do view,
I ſcarce believe, altho' I know this true:
But whoſoe're ſhall happen to come there,
Will not reprove what I've deliver'd here;
Since with his eyes he may the place behold,
And hear this truth affirm'd, that I have told.

The ſeventh WONDER, CHATSWORTH, *the Seat of his Grace the Duke of* Devonſhire.

Southward from hence ten miles, where *Derwent* laves
His broken ſhores with never clearing waves,
There ſtands a ſtately and ſtupendious pile,
Like the proud Regent of the *Britiſh Iſle*,
Shedding her beams over the barren vale,
Which elſe bleak winds and nipping froſts aſſail
With ſuch perpetual war, there would appear
Nothing but winter ten months of the year.

THIS palace, with wild proſpects girded round
Stands in the middle of a falling ground,
At a black mountain's foot, whoſe craggy brow
Secures from eaſtern tempeſts all below,
Under whoſe ſhelter trees and flowers grow,
With early bloſſom, maugre native ſnow;
Which elſewhere round a tyranny maintains,
And binds crampt nature long in chryſtal chains.
The fabrick's noble front faces the peſt,
Turning her fair broad ſhoulders to the eaſt,
On the ſouth-ſide the ſtately gardens lie,
Where the ſcorn'd *Peak* rivals proud *Italy*.
And on the north, ſev'ral inferior plots
For ſervile uſe, do ſcatter'd lie in ſpots.

THE outward gate ſtands near enough to look
Her oval front in the objected brook;
But that ſhe has better reflection
From a large mirrour nearer of her own.
For a fair lake, from waſh of floods unmix'd,
Before it lies an area ſpread betwixt.
Over this pond, oppoſite to the gate,
A bridge of a queint ſtructure, ſtrength, and ſtate,
Invites you to paſs over it, where dry
You trample may on ſhoals of wanton fry,
With which theſe breeding waters do abound,
And better carps are no where to be found.

A tower of antick model the bridge-foot
From the *Peak-rabble* does ſecurely ſhut;
Which, by ſtone ſtairs, delivers you below
Into the ſweeteſt walks the world can ſhow.
There wood and water, ſun and ſhade contend,
Which ſhall the moſt delight, and moſt befriend;
There graſs and gravel in one path you meet,
For ladies tend'rer, and men's harder feet.
Here into open lakes the ſun may pry,
A priviledge the cloſer groves deny.
Or if confed'rate winds do make them yeild,
He then but chequers what he cannot gild.
The ponds which here in double order ſhine,
Are ſome of them ſo large, and all ſo fine,
That *Neptune* in his progreſs once did pleaſe
To frolick in theſe artificial ſeas;
Of which a noble monument we find,
His Royal Chariot left, it ſeems, behind;
Whoſe wheels and body moor'd up with a chain,
Like *Drake's* old hulk at *Deptford*, ſtill remain.
No place on earth was e're diſcover'd yet,
For contemplation, or delight ſo fit.
The groves, whoſe curled brows ſhade every lake,
Do every where ſuch waving landskips make,
As painters baffl'd art is far above,
Who waves, and leaves could never yet make move.
Hither the warbling people of the air
From their remoter colonies repair,

And in theſe ſhades, now ſetting up their reſts,
Like *Cæſar's* Swiſs, burn their old native neſts.
The muſes too pearch on the bending ſpraies,
And in theſe thickets chant their charming lays;
No wonder then if the *heroic ſong
That here took birth, and voice do flouriſh long.

To view from hence the glittering pile above
(Which muſt at once wonder create, and love)
Environ'd round with nature's ſhames, and ills,
Black heaths, wild rocks, bleak craggs, and naked hills,
And the whole proſpect ſo inform, and rude;
Who is it, but muſt preſently conclude
That this is Paradice, which ſeated ſtands
In midſt of deſarts, and of barren ſands.
So a bright diamond would look, if ſet
In a vile ſocket of ignoble jet,
And ſuch a face the new-born nature took,
When out of chaos by the *fiat* ſtruck.
Doubtleſs, if any where, there never yet
So brave a ſtructure on ſuch ground was ſet,
Which ſure the foundreſs built, to reconcile
This to the other members of the iſle,
And would therein, firſt her own grandeur ſhow,
And then what art could, ſpite of nature, do.

But let me lead you in, 'tis worth the pains
T'examine what this princely houſe contains,
Which

*Hobbs de mirab. pec.

Which, if without ſo glorious to be ſeen,
Honour and vertue, make it fine within.
The 'fore-nam'd outward gate then leads into
A ſpacious court, whence open to the view
The noble front of the whole Ædifice,
In a ſurprizing height, is ſeen to riſe.
Even with the gate-houſe, upon either hand,
A neat ſquare turret in the corners ſtand;
On each ſide plats of ever-ſpringing green,
With an aſcending pavier-walk between.
In the green plat which on the right hand lies,
A fountain of ſtrange ſtructure, high doth riſe,
Upon whoſe ſlender top, there is a vaſt,
I'd almoſt ſaid, prodigious baſon plac'd;
And, without doubt, the model of this piece
Came from ſome other place than *Rome* or *Greece*;
For ſuch a ſea ſuſpended in the air,
I never ſaw in any place, but there.
Which, ſhould it break, or fall, I doubt we ſhou'd
Begin to reckon from the ſecond flood.
Tho' this divert the eye, yet all the while
Your feet ſtill move towards th'attractive pile,
Till fair round ſtairs ſome fifteen grieces high,
Land you upon a teraſs, that doth lie
Of goodly breadth along the building's ſquare,
Well pav'd, and fenc'd with rail, and baluſter.
From hence in ſome three ſteps the inner gate
Riſes in greater beauty, art, and ſtate,

Than

Than the proud palace of the ſun, and all
Vain poets ſtuff vainer romance withal;
A vice that much the *Gallic* muſe infects,
And of good writers, makes vile architects.
This to the lodge admits, and two ſteps more
Set you upon a level axler floor,
Which paves the inner court, a curious place
Form'd by the am'rous ſtructure's kind embrace.
I'th' center of this ſhady court doth riſe
Another fountain, of a quaint device,
Which large-limb heroes, with majeſtic port
In their habiliments of war ſupport.
Hence, croſs the court, thro' a fine portico
Into the body of the houſe you go,
Where a proud Hall does not at all abate
Any thing promis'd by the outward ſtate,
And where the reader we intreat will pleaſe
By the large foot to meaſure *Hercules*;
For ſure a vain, and endleſs work it were
T'inſiſt upon ev'ry particular.
And ſhould I be ſo mad to go about
To give account of ev'ry thing throughout;
The rooms of ſtate, ſtair-caſes, galleries,
Lodgings, apartments, cloſets, offices;
Or to deſcribe the ſplendors undertake
Which ev'ry glorious room a Heaven make,
The picture, ſculpture, carving, graving, gilding,
'Twould be as long in writing as in building.

Yet

Yet *Chatſworth*, tho' thy priſtine lineaments
Were beautiful, and great to all intents:
I muſt needs ſay, for I have ſeen both faces,
Thou'rt much more lovely in the modern graces
Thy now great *Miſtreſs has adorn'd thee in,
Than when thought fine enough to hold a †Queen.
Thy ‡Foundreſs dreſt thee in ſuch robes, as they
In thoſe old-faſhion'd times, reputed gay;
Of which new ſtript, and the old ruſling pride
Of *Ruff*, and *Farthingale* now laid aſide,
Thy ſhapes appear, and thou thy ſelf art ſeen
A very *Chriſtian*, and a modiſh *Queen*:
Which, (tho' old friends part ill) is recompence
For a few *Goth*, and *Vandal* ornaments;
And all theſe glories glitter to the ſight
By the advantage of a clearer light.
The glazier's work before ſubſtantial was
I muſt confeſs, thrice as much lead, as glaſs,
Which in the ſun's meridian, caſt a light,
As if 't had been within an hour of night.
The windows now look like ſo many ſuns,
Illuſtrating the noble room at once:
The primitive caſements modell'd were no doubt
By that thro' which the pidgeon was thruſt out,

*The then Counteſs of Devonſhire. †The Queen of Scots. ‡The Counteſs of Shrewsbury.

Where now whole ſaſhes are but one great eye,
T'examine, and admire thy beauties by.
And, if we hence look out, we ſhall ſee there
The gardens too i'th' reformation ſhare.
Upon a terraſs, as moſt houſes high,
Tho' from this proſpect humble to your eye,
A ſtately plat, both regular, and vaſt,
Suiting the reſt, was by the Foundreſs caſt,
In thoſe incurious times, under the roſe
Deſign'd, as one may eaſily ſuppoſe,
For lillies, pionies, daffodills, and roſes,
To garniſh chimneys, and make ſunday poſies;
Where gooſeberries, as good as ever grew,
'Tis like were ſet; for winter-greens, the yew,
Holly, and box: for then theſe things were new.
With oh! the honeſt roſemary and bays,
So much eſteem'd in thoſe good waſſel days.

Now in the middle of this great paterre,
A fountain darts her ſtreams into the air,
Twenty foot high; till by the winds depreſt,
Unable longer upward to conteſt,
They fall again in tears for grief, and ire
They cannot reach the place they did aſpire.
As if the ſun melted the waxen wings
Of theſe *Icarian* temerarious ſprings,
For braving thus his generative ray,
When their true motion lies another way.

Th' ambitious

Th' ambitious element repulſed ſo
Rallies, and ſaves her routed waves below,
In a large baſon of diameter
Such as old *Rome's* expenſive lakes did bear,
Where a pacific ſea expanded lies,
A liquid theater for *Naumachies*;
And where in caſe of ſuch a pageant war,
Romans in ſtatue ſtill ſpectators are.

WHERE the ground ſwells neaer the hill above,
And where once ſtood a *cragg and cherry grove,
(Which of renown then ſhar'd a mighty part)
In ſtead of ſuch a barbarous piece of art,
Such poor contriv'd, dwarfiſh and ragged ſhades,
'Tis now adorn'd with fountains and caſcades,
Terraſs on terraſs, with their ſtair-caſes
Of brave, and great contrivance, and to theſe
Statues, walks, graſs-plats, and a grove indeed
Where ſilent lovers may lie down and bleed.
And tho' all things were, for that age, before
In truth ſo great, that nothing could be more;
Yet now they with much greater luſtre ſtand,
Touch'd up, and finiſh'd by a better hand.

BUT that which crowns all this, and does impart
A luſtre far beyond the pow'r of art,

*An artificial rock, ſo call'ed.

Is the great Owner, HE, whoſe noble mind
For ſuch a fortune only was deſign'd.
Whoſe bounties as the ocean's boſom wide,
Flow in a conſtant, unexhauſted tide
Of hoſpitality and free acceſs,
Liberal condeſcention, chearfulneſs,
Honour and truth, as ev'ry of them ſtrove
At once to captivate reſpect and love:
And all with ſuch order perform'd, and grace
As rivet wonder to the ſtately place.

BUT I muſt give my muſe the *hola* here,
Reſpect muſt check her in the wild career;
For when we impotently do commend,
The thing well meant, ill done, muſt needs offend;
His vertues are above my character,
Too great for *fame* to ſpeak; or *verſe* to bear.

The END.

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